



the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

Way down yonder in BRIAR PATCH

1. Well, it seems like there was one springtime way down yonder in Briar Patch, when Brer Fox said to his wife that he reckoned he couldn't do better than plant some green peas so come summer they'd have lots of peas to eat with their meat dinners. "What meat dinners?" asked Miz Fox, who was real hungry at the time. Brer Fox grinned and showed those great big white teeth of his 'cause Brer Rabbit happened to be walking past his shack just then.

"Why, rabbit meat dinners, of course, you silly old woman," said Brer Fox, jerking a thumb towards Brer Rabbit. And Miz Fox, she sure licked her lips.

The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home of a certain little boy who loves listening to the merry tales of Brer Rabbit. Not far from the house is the little cabin where Uncle Remus lives and it is Uncle Remus who knows all the Brer Rabbit stories. Every Saturday evening, the little boy slips down to the cabin of Uncle Remus for he knows that another adventure of little Brer Rabbit will be waiting for him. This week's story tells how Brer Fox caught Brer Rabbit in a trap. How did Brer Rabbit fall into the trap and did he get out of it? Let us—and the little boy—find out as we listen to Uncle Remus.

2. If Miz Fox had only known it, Brer Rabbit sure was licking his lips, too, because he had been listening some outside Brer Fox's window and he had heard Brer Fox telling his wife how he was going to plant peas. So Brer Rabbit strolled along, singing this catchy little ditty:

"Ti-yi! Tingalees!
I'll pick his peas! I'll

eat his peas!

Peas! Peas! Better than cheese!
Three big cheers for juicy peas!"
Then he went home to bed and to sleep and to dream about barrels and barrels of ripe green peas.



3. Sure enough the peas began to ripen up, but every time Brer Fox went down to his vegetable patch, he saw that somebody had been eating his peas and leaving the empty pods around.

That sure made Brer Fox mad, it did. And the more empty pods he saw the madder he became. He jumped up and down a-hollering and a-yelling.



4. He sort of suspected who that somebody was, but old Brer Rabbit, he covered his tracks so cute that Brer Fox didn't know how to catch him.

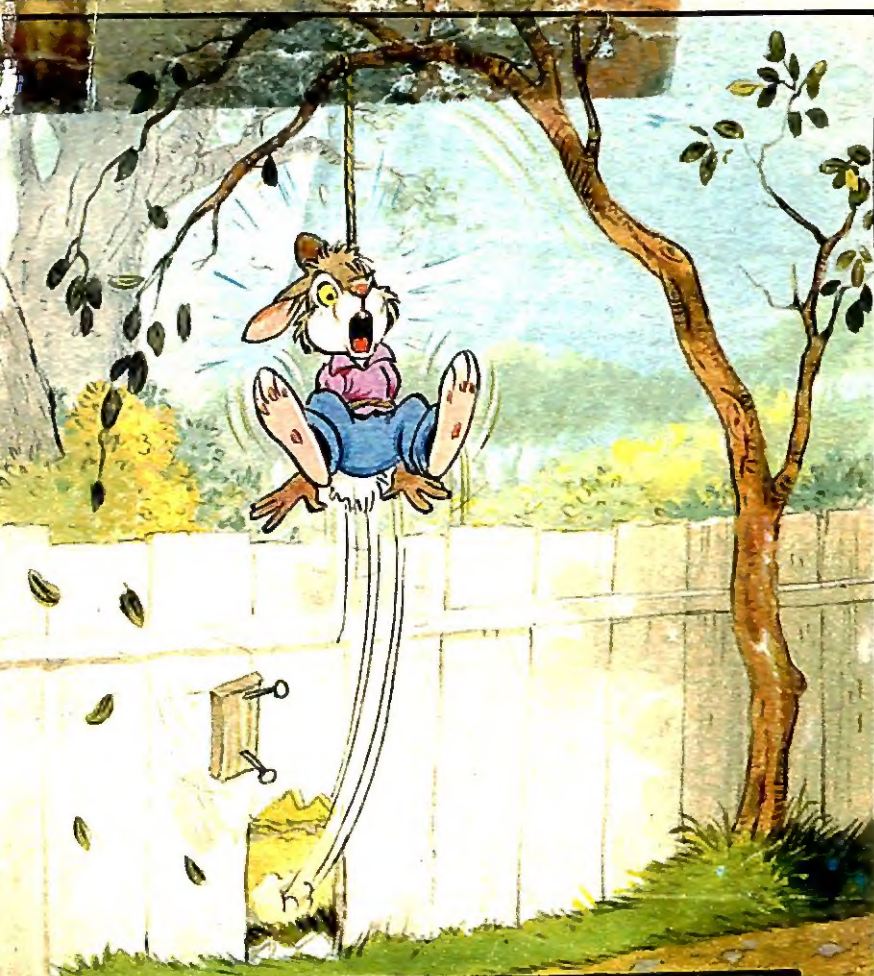
By-and-by, one day, Brer Fox took a walk all round his vegetable patch and it wasn't long before he found a hole in the fence—and that hole had been rubbed right smooth by somebody passing in and out.

"So now I know how he gets in and out to eat my peas," grinned Brer Fox. "Well, next time he gets in, he sure ain't a-getting out again." And he gnashed his big white teeth, he did.

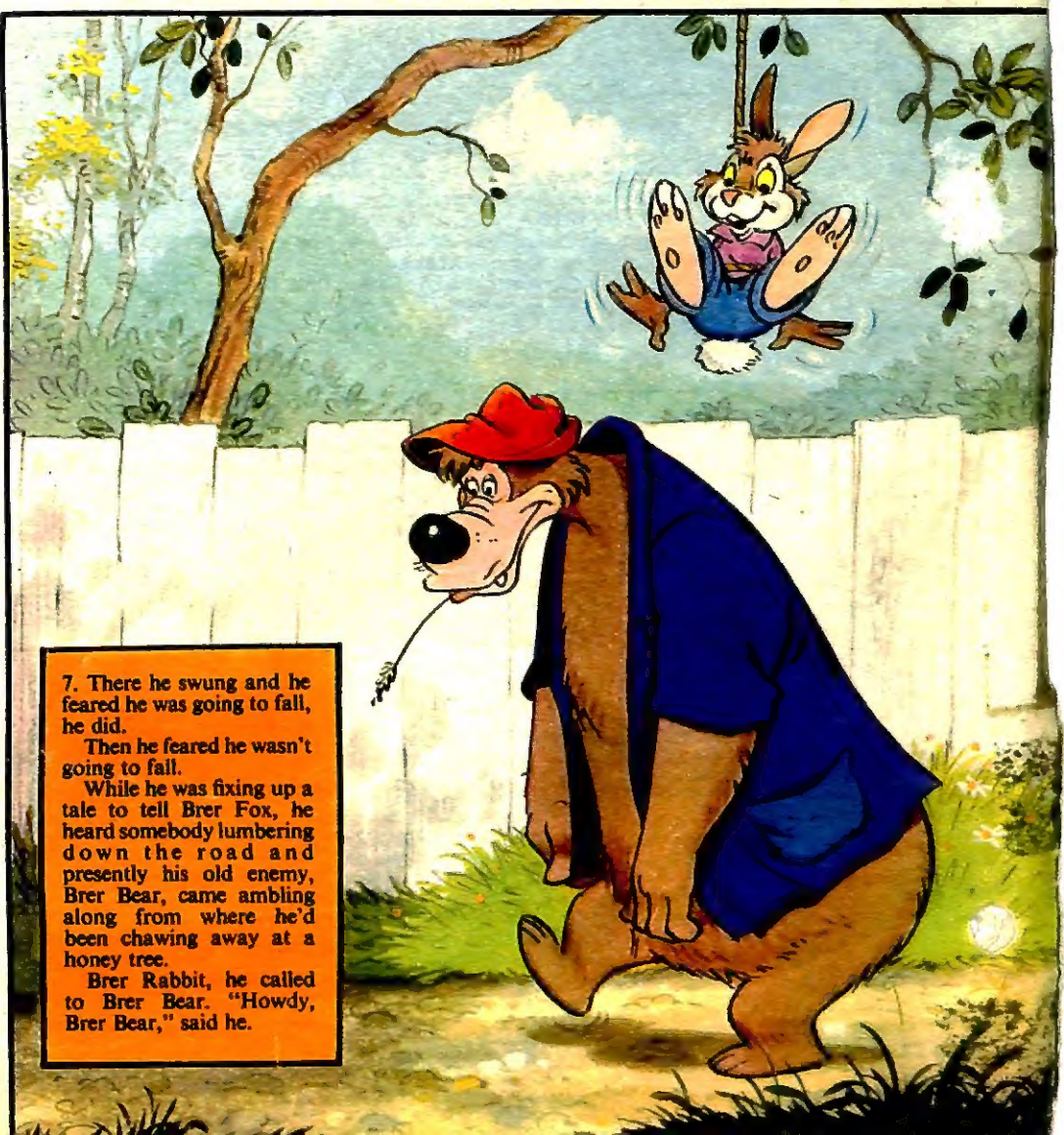


5. There was a young hickory tree growing close by. Brer Fox took a piece of rope and tying one end to the top of that tree, he pulled the rope and that there hickory tree bent right over, it did.

Then Brer Fox fixed a loop-knot at his end of the rope and draped it round that hole in the fence. Chuckling to himself Brer Fox lightly tacked a piece of wood over a branch of the hickory tree so holding it down. He rubbed his hands with glee. "What a foxy old fox I am," he chuckled. "That's surely the most cunning trap I ever did see—yes, sirree."



6. Next morning, when hungry Brer Rabbit came slipping along and crept through the hole, why, that loop-knot settled itself right round Brer Rabbit and the next moment the piece of wood was wrenched out of the fence and SWOOSH! up shot Brer Rabbit into the air, well and truly caught, with the rope around his middle. Yes, sir, well and truly caught 'twixt the heavens and the earth. It sure was the biggest surprise of his life for the tricky little fellow.



7. There he swung and he feared he was going to fall, he did.

Then he feared he wasn't going to fall.

While he was fixing up a tale to tell Brer Fox, he heard somebody lumbering down the road and presently his old enemy, Brer Bear, came ambling along from where he'd been chawing away at a honey tree.

Brer Rabbit, he called to Brer Bear. "Howdy, Brer Bear," said he.

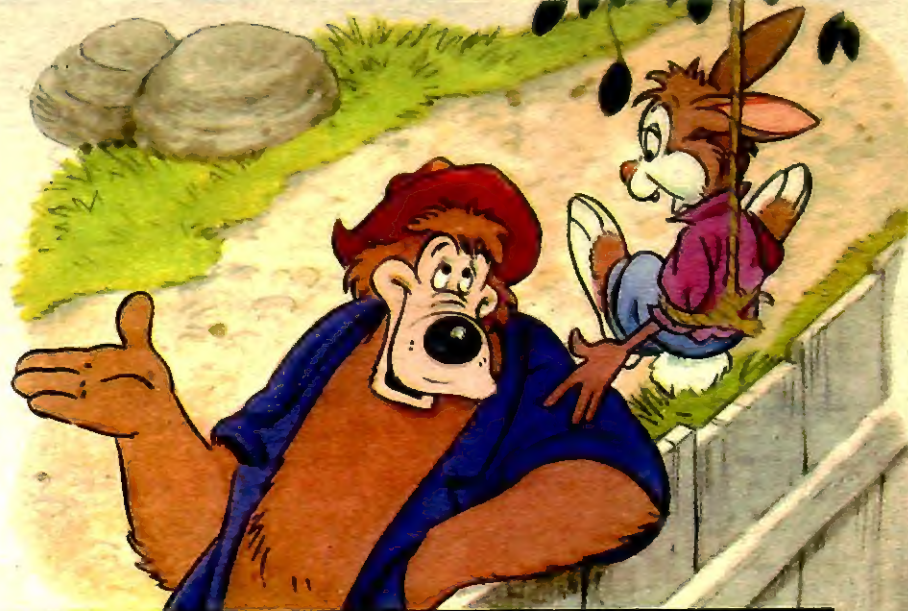
8. Brer Bear, he looked round to the right.

Then he looked round to the left.

When he scratched his head 'cause there just didn't seem to be anybody about.

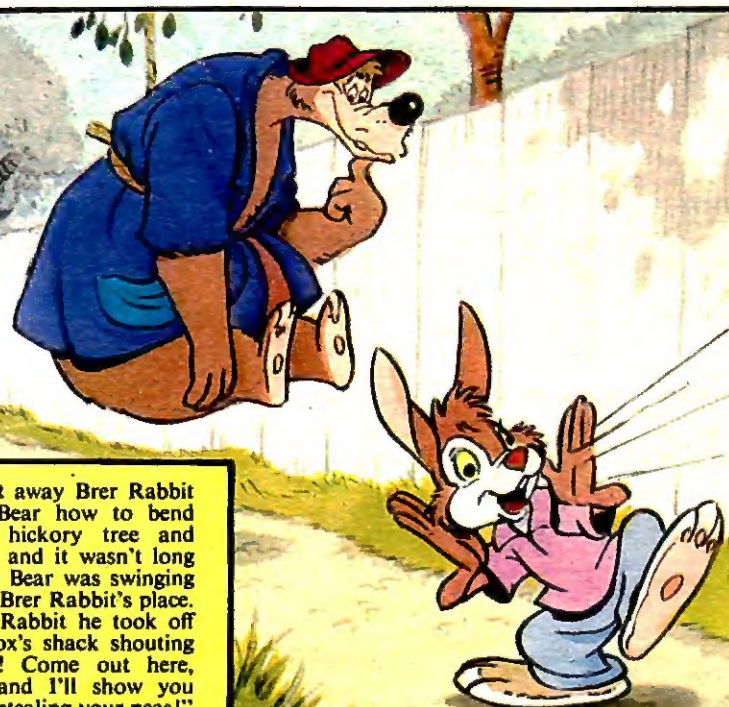
"I've sure got funny noises in my head," said old Brer Bear and he was just about to go on his way when Brer Rabbit called down to him. "I'm up here, Brer Bear," said he and Brer Bear looked up.

"That sure is an unusual place to be, Brer Rabbit," said he. "But there's no accounting for tastes, I s'pose. Tell me, how you doing this morning?"



9. "I'm doing nicely and much obliged to you for asking, Brer Bear," said Brer Rabbit. Then Brer Bear asked Brer Rabbit what he was doing up there in the air and Brer Rabbit said he was earning a silver dollar every minute. And Brer Bear asked how and Brer Rabbit said he was scaring the crows out of Brer Fox's vegetable patch. Then he asked Brer Bear if he'd like to start earning a silver dollar every minute.

"From up here, Brer Bear," said Brer Rabbit, "you sure look a nice big scarecrow to me." "I take that kindly, Brer Rabbit," replied Brer Bear. "I surely would like to be a scary scarecrow."



10. So right away Brer Rabbit told Brer Bear how to bend down the hickory tree and release him and it wasn't long before Brer Bear was swinging up there in Brer Rabbit's place. When Brer Rabbit he took off for Brer Fox's shack shouting "Brer Fox! Come out here, Brer Fox and I'll show you who's been stealing your peas!"



11. Brer Fox, he grabbed up his walking stick and both of them went running down the vegetable patch and when they got there, sure enough there was old Brer Bear. "Oh yes, so you're caught, are you?" shouted Brer Fox and before Brer Bear could explain, Brer Rabbit, he jumped up and down and hollered out "Hit him hard, Brer Fox. Hit him hard." And Brer Fox, he drew back with his walking stick and BLIP! he whacked Brer Bear and every time Brer Bear tried to explain, Brer Fox whacked him again and again he did!



12. Then Brer Rabbit, he slipped off he did and got into a mud-hole and just left his eyes sticking out, 'cause he knew Brer Bear would be coming after him.

Sure enough, by-and-by, along came Brer Bear down the road and when he got to the mud hole he said: "Howdy, Brer Frog. Have you seen Brer Rabbit?" "He's just gone by," said Brer Rabbit and old Brer Bear took off down the road like a runaway mule.



13. Then Brer Rabbit, he came out of the mud-hole, dried himself in the sun, brushed the mud off himself and went along home singing:
"Ti-yi! Tingalees!
I've picked his peas!
I ate his peas!
Peas! Peas! Better
than cheese!
Give three cheers for
juicy peas!"
Crafty Brer Rabbit!





The Tales of Mother Goose



1. There was once a very rich king ruling over the country of Poland. Young and handsome though he was, he would lie awake in his huge bed night after night, worrying about all his many duties.



2. Well, as you can imagine, it wasn't long before the King began to feel so tired that he could not pay proper attention to ruling his kingdom.

Because he was so tired, he was also very unhappy. At last, he called his ministers together and told them of his worries and sleepless nights. "What can I do?" he asked them. "How can I rule a kingdom, if I am so tired?"

His ministers looked at each other. They knew not what to say.

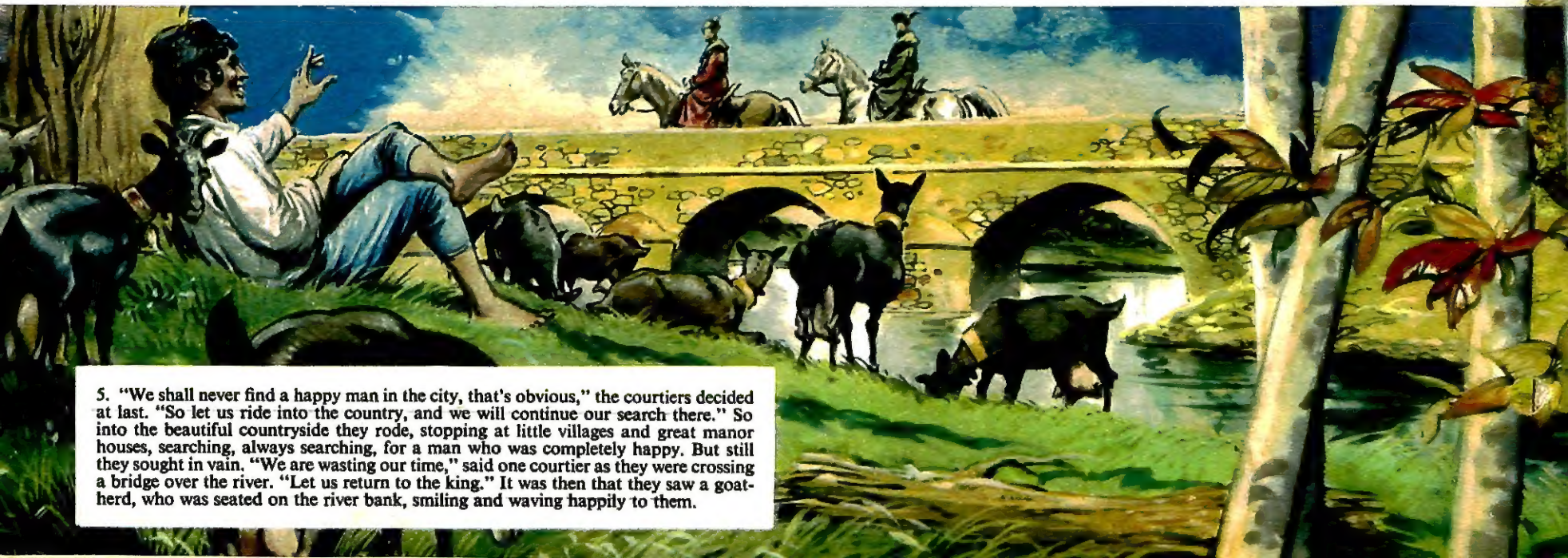


3. Only one man answered him—a very old minister who had served the young king's father for more than fifty years. "Sire," said he, "there is only one way whereby sleep will return to you. If you can find somewhere the shoes of a truly happy man and wear them yourself, you will find that you will sleep well at nights and moreover be truly happy yourself." The young king decided to follow this advice.



4. So choosing two of his younger courtiers, the king sent them to travel the length and breadth of Poland in search of such a happy man. They began their search in Warsaw, the most important city in the kingdom. It was very large and very beautiful and full of homes.

"Surely," said one courtier to the other, "there must be many happy men living here." But it was not to be. They visited house after house in vain. Nowhere did they find a single happy man. Every man they spoke to seemed to be longing for something he didn't have and was miserable because of this.



5. "We shall never find a happy man in the city, that's obvious," the courtiers decided at last. "So let us ride into the country, and we will continue our search there." So into the beautiful countryside they rode, stopping at little villages and great manor houses, searching, always searching, for a man who was completely happy. But still they sought in vain. "We are wasting our time," said one courtier as they were crossing a bridge over the river. "Let us return to the king." It was then that they saw a goat-herd, who was seated on the river bank, smiling and waving happily to them.



6. While the horsemen watched, the goat-herd's wife came across the meadow carrying her husband's mid-day meal of bread and cheese to him. Skipping happily along beside her was their little son.

As soon as he had finished eating, the husband took hold of the little boy's hands and danced and played with him. All three laughed and chattered merrily together. At long last it seemed as though the courtiers had found a truly happy man. They rode down towards him.



7. The young courtiers were truly astonished to see so poor a man so happy. They called out and asked him how he could be so contented when he was living such a humble life. The goat-herd smiled. "But, gentlemen," he replied, "riches are not the most important things in life. What I have, I share with those I love best and that is important—and so I am happy."

The courtiers were delighted that at long last they had found a really happy man. They asked him to go with them to the king and the goat-herd agreed.

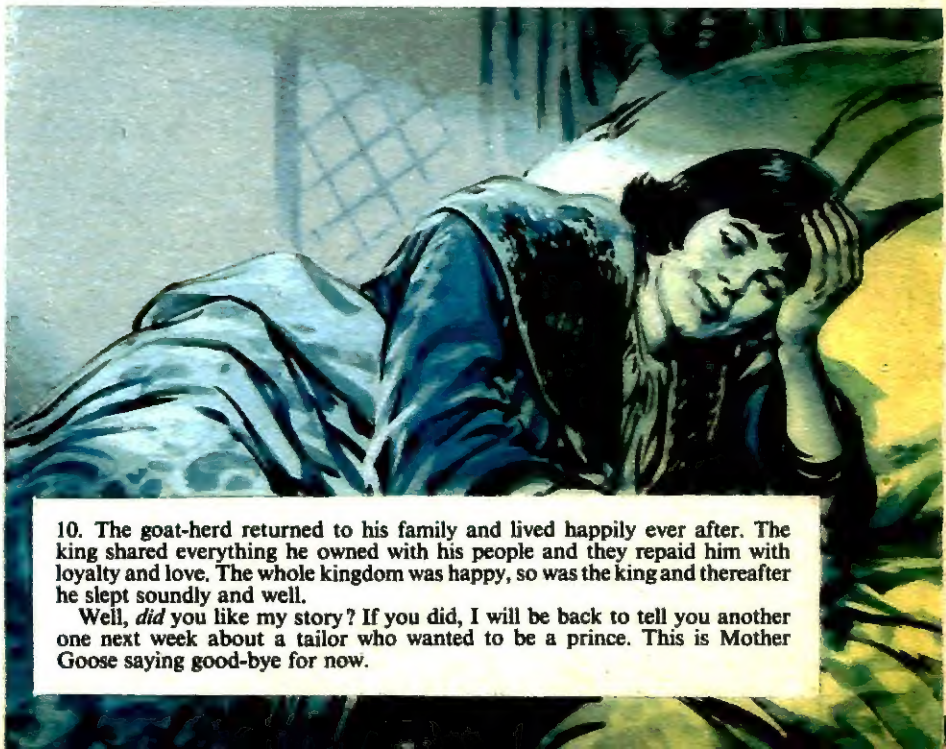


8. The young king welcomed the courtiers heartily and promised them splendid rewards for having found a truly happy man. Then he looked at the goat-herd. "I am told that if I can wear your shoes all my troubles and worries will be over and I will be able to sleep soundly at nights," he said. "I will fill your pockets with gold if you will sell me your shoes."

The goat-herd shook his head. "Alas, your majesty," he replied, "I am too poor to own shoes. I have been barefooted all my life." The king was in despair.



9. "Then I must remain sleepless for the rest of my life," sighed the king, "for I can never be truly happy." The goat-herd felt sorry for his king. "Why not follow my example, your majesty," said he, "and share everything you have with those whom you love? I am sure that you will be happy then." "Those whom I love?" answered the king. "But unlike you, I have no wife or children." "What of the people of Poland, sire?" asked the goat-herd. The king put his hand on the goat-herd's shoulder. "You are a very wise man," he said. "I will share my treasure and my riches with all the poor people of my country. How can I fail to be happy if I am helping so many people?"



10. The goat-herd returned to his family and lived happily ever after. The king shared everything he owned with his people and they repaid him with loyalty and love. The whole kingdom was happy, so was the king and thereafter he slept soundly and well.

Well, *did* you like my story? If you did, I will be back to tell you another one next week about a tailor who wanted to be a prince. This is Mother Goose saying good-bye for now.



GOOFY'S *Lucky Day*



1. Once, long ago, there was a country lad named Goofy. He had been working away from home for many years. Then, one day, he decided it was time to go back to his own village and visit his mother. So he asked his master, a rich miller, if he might have the payment that was due to him for all his years of work.

The miller, who had been very pleased with the way Goofy had worked, gave him in full payment a huge lump of solid gold. Highly delighted, Goofy wrapped the lump of gold in a piece of cloth, slung it over his shoulder and set off for home. He had far to go and the burning sun, was high in the sky.

2. The road was long and hard and quite soon Goofy felt very hot and tired. The lump of gold seemed to be getting heavier every moment. Just then a rider came along, looking cool and fresh astride his fine horse. Goofy sighed. "Riding must be a splendid way to travel," he said to the horseman. "That is, if one is lucky enough to own a horse."

The horseman looked down at Goofy. "What have you there?" he asked, pointing to the gold slung over Goofy's back. "A lump of pure gold," replied Goofy.

The horseman thought for a moment and his cunning eyes gleamed. "If you want to ride," said he at last, "I'll sell you my horse for your gold."

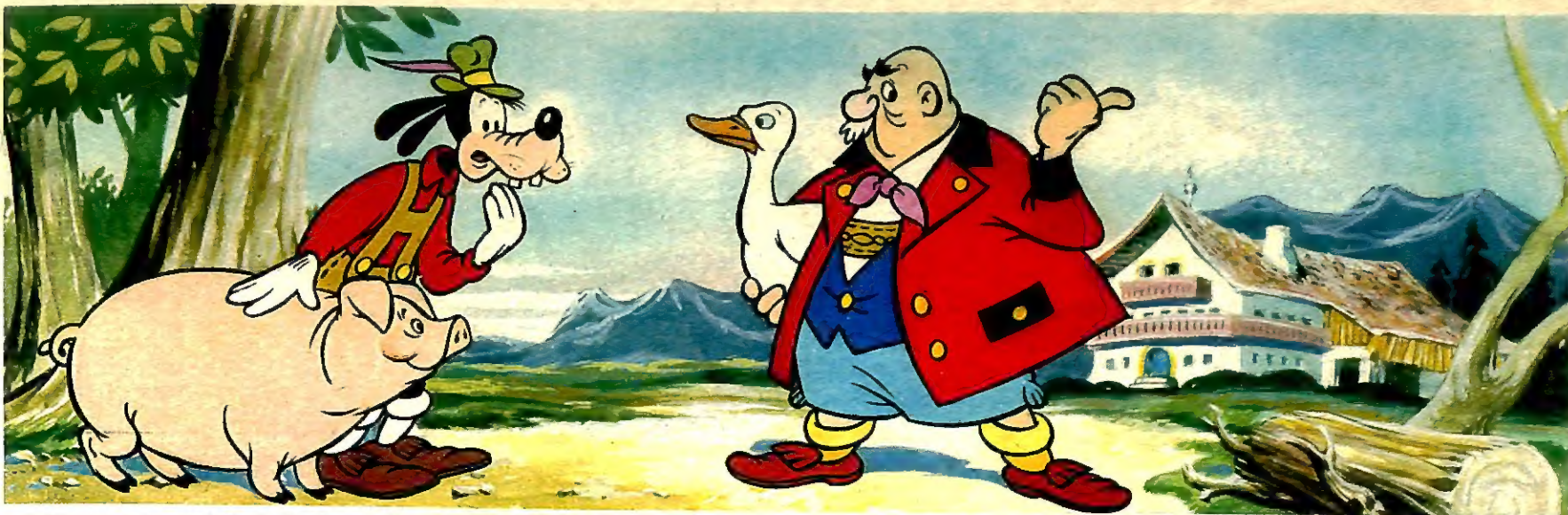
Goofy was so pleased that he felt like dancing. "Lucky me! It's a bargain," he laughed and handing over the gold, he took the rider's horse in exchange.



3. Goofy climbed clumsily on to the horse's back while the man ran off quickly with the lump of gold. Goofy then set off at a gallop and sang with happiness. "I'll soon be back home now," he chuckled. But suddenly the horse decided it did not like its new rider and bucked bad-temperedly, throwing Goofy high in the air. WHUMPH! Goofy landed on the dusty road and it seemed as though he had bruised every bone in his lanky body. It so happened that at that moment a peasant came along driving an old cow. Sitting up in a daze, Goofy sighed. "I'll never ride a horse again," he said. "How lucky you are, sir, to own a cow. She gives you milk to drink every day, not to mention butter and cheese and never, never will she throw you from her back."



4. "Then how would you like to exchange your horse for my cow?" asked the crafty peasant and Goofy laughed. "Lucky me! It's a bargain!" So Goofy took the old cow while the peasant mounted the fine horse and galloped away at top speed. Goofy led the cow for several hours through the heat of the day. "Phew!" muttered Goofy at last. "I do feel thirsty!" Then he looked at the cow. "There is no use owning a cow if it cannot quench my thirst," said he. So he tried to milk the old cow but without success. The cow suddenly kicked out and knocked Goofy head over heels. Just then a young butcher came along with a pig. "Fancy trying to milk such a very old cow," he smiled. Goofy sighed: "You are fortunate to own such a fine fat pig." "Then how would you like to change your cow for my pig?" asked the butcher and Goofy laughed. "Lucky me! It's a bargain!"



5. Now very happy indeed, Goofy drove the pig along the road while the young butcher made smartly off with the cow. Goofy had walked no more than half-a-mile when he met a fat man carrying a big goose.

"Hallo," said the fat man politely. "Tell me, sir, where did you get that fat pig?" Goofy told him how he had exchanged it for his cow.

At this, the fat man shook his head and said: "Do you see that farm over there in the distance? Well, it seems that a pig was stolen from that farm last night and if I'm

not mistaken, that's the very pig. You are in very serious trouble."

"Oh dear," gasped Goofy. "What am I to do?"

The fat man looked round cautiously. "I know all the byways and short cuts around here," he cried. "You take my goose in exchange for your pig and I'll soon be out of sight." Goofy laughed. "Lucky me! It's a bargain," said he. Little did he realise that the fat man, like the horseman, the peasant and the young butcher, was tricking him. No pig had been stolen from the farm.



6. In the twinkling of an eye, the fat man and the pig disappeared round a bend in the road, leaving Goofy with the goose. "Mother and I will be able to have roast goose for supper tonight," chuckled Goofy, "I'm not far from home now." And on his way he went.

He had almost reached the village where his mother lived when he met a knife-grinder sharpening knives on his grindstone. "Good-day to you, sir," smiled the knife-grinder, "and where did you get such a fine bird as that?"

"I exchanged it for a pig which I had in exchange for a cow which I had in exchange for a horse which I had in exchange for a lump of pure gold as big as my head," replied Goofy.

"Pooh, you should be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "Then you would always have lots of money in your pockets. How would you like to exchange your goose for my spare grindstone?"

Goofy laughed. "Lucky me! It's a bargain," said he.



7. "Just fancy," said Goofy, very pleased with himself. "Now I shall always have lots of money in my pockets," and on his way he went while the knife-grinder ran off with his goose. Well, the sun was still pouring its heat down on to the land and Goofy's steps grew slower and slower. He began to feel thirstier than ever and oh dear, how heavy the grindstone was to carry. A little further on, he came to a stream and there Goofy knelt down to drink the cool rippling water. Alas! As he did so, the grindstone fell into the stream and vanished from sight.



8. Nobody could have been happier than Goofy! Without even trying he had rid himself of his heavy load.

Lightly he sprang to his feet and merry and carefree, and with nothing to carry, he thought himself the luckiest fellow in the whole world. And who is to say he was not happier by far than many a man with millions of gold pieces in the bank?

With a light step and empty hands, he strode away down the last stretch of roadway to his mother's cottage, where he knew a wonderful welcome would be awaiting him.

ANIMALS of our WONDERFUL WORLD

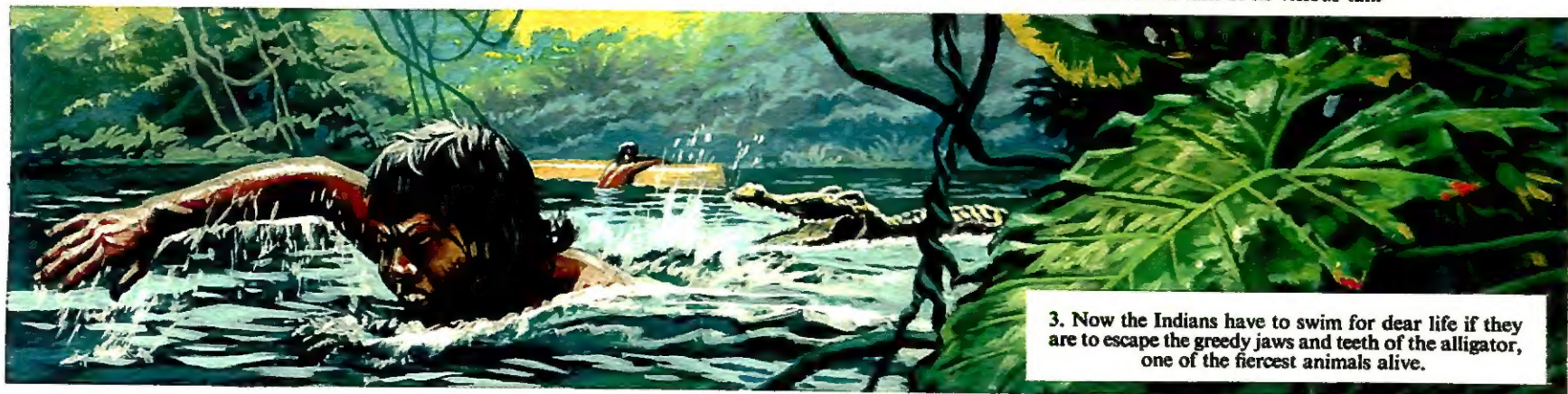
THIS WEEK
The ALLIGATOR



1. Let us imagine some South American Indians paddling down a broad river in their canoe. There ahead of them in the water is something that looks at first glance like a floating chunk of wood.



2. But a chunk of wood it isn't! It is the snout of an alligator and unhappily for those Indians they are unable to steer clear of the great creature in time to avoid the lash of its vicious tail.



3. Now the Indians have to swim for dear life if they are to escape the greedy jaws and teeth of the alligator, one of the fiercest animals alive.



4. The alligator is a strange beast. It makes its home in the rivers of the hot regions of America. It is a large animal, sometimes measuring as much as twenty feet from its snout to the tip of its tail.



5. But though the alligator is so large, it has very short legs. This is fortunate for the alligator, for it spends almost all its time in the water and long legs would be very much in its way.



6. In the water it is very quick and active. It does not swim with its legs as many animals do but with its tail, and as this is very powerful, it enables the alligator to race through the water at a great rate and so catch its prey.



7. Out of water, however, the alligator moves very slowly and clumsily for its neck is so stiff that it cannot turn its head to either side and its legs are not strong enough to carry its huge body quickly.



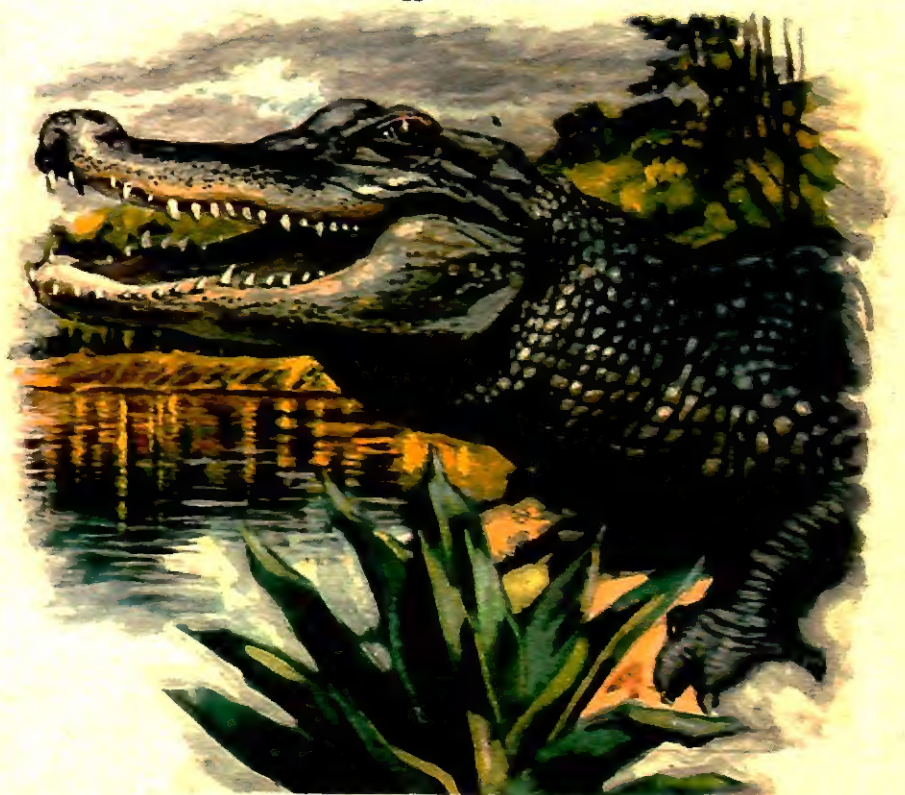
8. Baby alligators are hatched from eggs, like chickens. In June, the mother alligator lays a batch of between thirty and seventy eggs on the bank of the river and covers them with mud and vegetation.



9. Then she leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. But she remains near them and watches the spot closely. Woe betide any intruder that should dare come too close to the buried eggs at this time.



10. When the babies first break through the shells, they are very helpless and many of them are destroyed by other animals and birds of prey.



11. Still, many young alligators survive the dangers of their early lives to grow up into the adult animals that are truly the terror of Central America. Hunters may seek to kill them but the hide of the alligator is very hard and tough. Even a bullet will glance off its back. Deadly and evil he may be in appearance but he is truly the King of the River.



***So, who's
stupid now?***

Once upon a time, long long ago, when everybody thought the moon was made of cheese, there lived a certain King named Fred. Now King Fred was a very vain fellow whose only interest in life was fine clothes, the finer the better!

All day long, every hour, on the hour, he would change the suit he was wearing. During



the night, every hour, on the hour, his servant would wake him up so that he could change his pyjamas. Clothes, clothes, clothes! That was all he could think about.

Everybody called him King Fred the Tailor's Dummy—and then Fred the Dummy for short.

Well, one day a couple of clever rascals who had thought up a very crafty scheme, drifted

into town. They let it be known that they had invented a new sort of wonder cloth.

"Astonishing though it may seem," said the rascals to the simple citizens, "if you're clever enough to know how many beans make five, you'll be able to see our cloth. But if you're so stupid you think the month of October follows September, our cloth will be invisible to you."

"Fancy that!" everybody said, very impressed.

King Fred was somewhat put out when he heard this because to tell the truth he had always thought that October followed September. Not only that, he thought that Nowonder followed October.

Then he pulled himself together.

"I'm King," said he to himself, "and I wouldn't be King if I weren't cleverer than everybody else, would I?"

So he sent for the two rascals and ordered them to make him a suit out of their marvellous material. "And not only that," he said, "but I want you to make a suit for each of my ministers. Any who can't see the clothes you make for them, will prove they're as stupid as I think they are and I'll get rid of them."

Off went the two scallywags, rubbing their hands with delight.

"Samkin," said one to the other. "This is where we line our pockets with gold."

Well, the two of them set to work. Not that work had very much to do with what they did for they put up two looms and pretended to weave although they had nothing whatever in their shuttles. Lots of people came along to see the beautiful material they were supposed to be weaving. Not one of the citizens saw any cloth, of course. But did any of them say so? Oh dear no!

"After all," said one to himself, "if I say I can't see anything, my friends will believe I'm stupid. So I'll just say what wonderful material those two fellows are weaving. Then everybody will know I'm not stupid." And all the other citizens thought the same.

Then one day King Fred the Dummy decided to pay the two rogues a visit to see how they were getting on. He took with him several of his ministers.

Poor King Fred! He didn't know what to say when he saw the two rascals working away at nothing. He looked out of the corners of his eyes at his ministers and they were looking out of the corners of their eyes at King Fred.

"Ahem!" said Fred the Dummy, clearing his throat and glancing at his Prime Minister. "What do you think?"

"Of what?" asked the Prime Minister.

"Why, of the material these fellows are weaving, of course!" snorted King Fred.

Now the Prime Minister didn't want the King to think that he was stupid, did he? So what did he say? You can guess, can't you?

"Wonderful!" he replied. "Truly, I've never seen such cloth in all my life," which wasn't exactly an untruth.

"Extraordinary!" said another minister.

"Fantastic!" said a third.

"Unbelievable!" said a fourth.

King Fred blinked.

"Just what I was thinking," he managed to say.

The Prime Minister stroked his long white beard.

"Your Majesty," said he, "next week is your birthday and you know that you are taking part in a great procession. I think it would be really splendid if you could wear for the occasion a suit made of this gorgeous cloth."

"What a splendid idea!" said another minister.

"Brilliant!" said a third.

"No wonder you're Prime Minister," said a fourth. "Who else could think of an idea like that?"

King Fred was trapped. He had to agree.

And so on the morning of his birthday, the two swindlers came to the palace, loaded down with empty cardboard boxes. They were shown into the King's dressing room where King Fred the Dummy was waiting for them.

"See, here is the jacket," said the first rascal, lifting nothing out of the box.

"And here are the trousers," said the second, lifting nothing out of another box.

"Just look at this cloak," said the first. "Give me a hand, Samkin," and between them the two rogues raised their arms as though they were holding up a long and heavy cloak.

The King looked at nothing and said nothing for he had nothing to say.

"You'd better get dressed now, your Majesty," said the Prime Minister. "The procession is due to start."

Very seriously, King Fred took off the suit he was wearing and the two rascals pretended to give him one article of dress after another. At last they stood back. There was King Fred with nothing on at all. But the Prime Minister threw up his hands in admiration.

"Amazing! You look every inch a King, Your Majesty," he gasped. "Without doubt, you'll astonish your people today."

"Good!" nodded King Fred as he strutted up and down in front of a big mirror. "There's nothing I like better than giving my subjects a real treat!"

Then he smiled at the two scallywags.

"Here, take this," said he, handing them a large bag of gold. "And hurry with the clothes

you are making for all my ministers. I want to see them all looking just like me."

The two rascals took their gold, took their leave and then took off for foreign parts. They were never seen again.

Two officers who were to carry the king's long cloak stooped and pretended to lift it from the ground with both hands. They dared not let it appear that they could not see anything. Then off went the procession.

King Fred walked proudly along and all that he was wearing were his boots and his crown. Everybody knew that today he was supposed to be wearing the suit that had been made by the two swindlers and nobody was admitting that King Fred wasn't wearing any clothes.

"What a beautiful suit!" gasped a baker's wife.

"And how well it fits his Majesty!" exclaimed a fishmonger.

"It's cut in the latest fashion!" said a cobbler.

And they all looked at each other, nodded very wisely and smiled.

Then a little girl who was seated on her father's shoulder called out: "But the king has no clothes on!"

Now it so happened that this little girl was very well-known for she had always been top of her class at school. So everybody knew that she wasn't stupid.

Then one person whispered to another: "He really has no clothes on, you know! If that little girl says he's no clothes on, then he certainly has no clothes on!"

Before long everyone was saying the same thing and laughing and singing and this is the song they sang:

*"Let's give three cheers for our King Fred
Who wears a crown upon his head,
A shining boot on either foot,
And nowt else but his birthday suit;"*

King Fred blushed a rosy red, all over, as everyone could see. But there was no turning back.

So he raised his head and marched along with dignity and made the best of a bad job.

"He, ha, ha!" laughed Daft Dick, who was the biggest fool in town. "So who's stupid now, your majesty?"

But King Fred the Dummy kept on walking.

"Make me laugh-quick!" says Monty the Mountain Lion



A short, short Donald Duck story

Well, Donald Duck is really up against it here, isn't he? "Make me laugh!" growls the mountain lion. "Make me laugh and you can go on your way. For instance, supposing I ask you if it is true that mountain lions won't hurt you if you run away. What do you say?"

"It all depends on how fast you run," replies Donald and the lion chuckles and asks "Who was Snow White's brother?" "Egg-white! Get the yolk?" asks Donald.

The lion giggles. "Tell me, where is the elephant to be found?" says he. "The elephant is such a large animal it is scarcely ever lost," replies Donald. The lion grins. "What kind of monkeys grow on stems?" he asks and Donald answers "Gray apes," and the lion bursts out laughing.

"Very well, you can go now!" he says and Donald runs away as fast as his legs will carry him.



Nobody seemed to know where they came from, but there they were in the Forest: Kanga and Baby Roo. When Pooh asked Christopher Robin, "How did they come here?" Christopher Robin said, "In the Usual Way, if you know what I mean, Pooh," and Pooh, who didn't, said "Oh!" Then he nodded his head twice and said, "In the Usual Way. Ah!" Then he went to call upon his friend Piglet to see what *he* thought about it. And at Piglet's house he found Rabbit. So they all talked about it together.

"What I don't like about it is this," said Rabbit. "Here are we—you, Pooh, and you, Piglet, and Me—and suddenly—"

"And Eeyore," said Pooh.

"And Eeyore—and then suddenly—"

"And Owl," said Pooh.

"And Owl—and then all of a sudden—"

"Oh, and Eeyore," said Pooh. "I was forgetting him."

"Here—we—are," said Rabbit very slowly and carefully, "all—of—us, and then, suddenly, we wake up one morning, and what do we find? We find a Strange Animal among us. An animal of whom we had never even heard before! An animal who carries her family about with her in her pocket! Suppose I carried *my* family about with me in *my* pocket, how many pockets should I want?"

"Sixteen," said Piglet.

"Seventeen, isn't it?" said Rabbit. "And one more for a handkerchief—that's eighteen. Eighteen pockets in one suit! I haven't time."

There was a long and thoughtful silence . . . and the Pooh, who had been frowning very hard for some minutes, said: "I make it fifteen."

"What?" said Rabbit.

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen what?"

"Your family."

"What about them?"

Pooh rubbed his nose and said that he thought Rabbit had been talking about his family.

"Did I?" said Rabbit carelessly.

"Yes, you said—"

"Never mind, Pooh," said Piglet impatiently.

"The question is, What are we to do about Kanga?"

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"The best way," said Rabbit, "would be this. The best way would be to steal Baby Roo and hide him, and then when Kanga says, 'Where's Baby Roo?' we say, 'Aha!'"

"Aha!" said Pooh, practising. "Aha! Aha! . . . Of course," he went on, "we could say 'Aha!' even if we hadn't stolen Baby Roo."

"Pooh," said Rabbit kindly, "you haven't any brain."

"I know," said Pooh humbly.

"We say 'Aha!' so that Kanga knows that we know where Baby Roo is. 'Aha!' means 'We'll tell you where Baby Roo is, if you promise to go away from the Forest and never come back.' Now don't talk while I think."

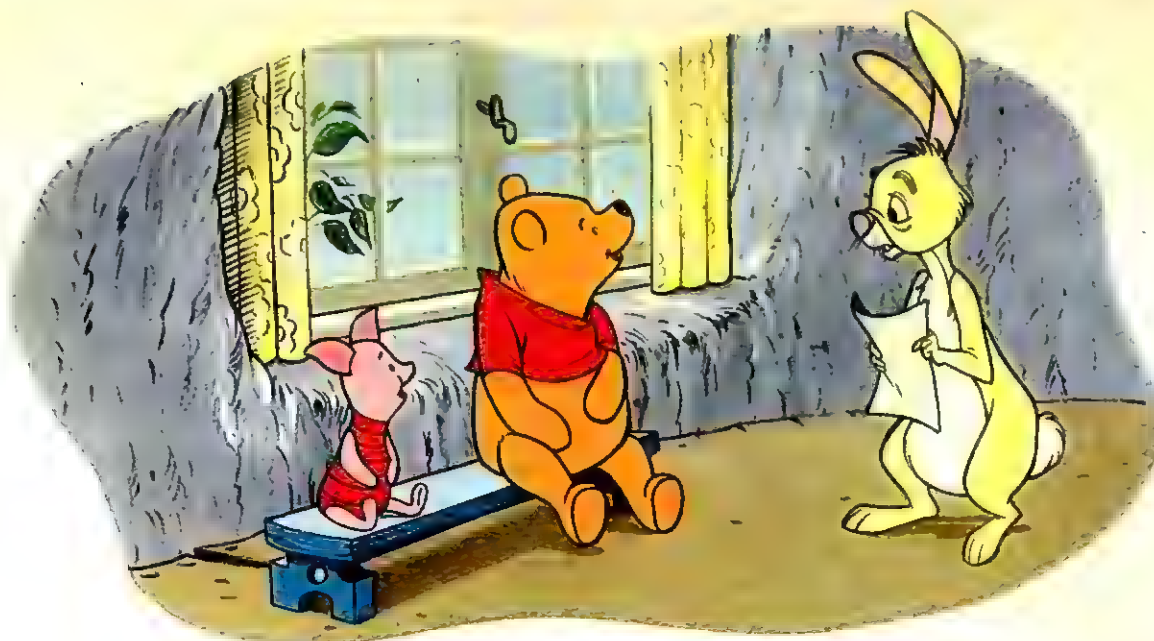
Pooh went into a corner and tried saying 'Aha!' in that sort of voice. Sometimes it seemed to

WINNIE- the-Pooh

by A. A. MILNE

In which Kanga and Baby Roo come
to the Forest, and Piglet has a bath





him that it did mean what Rabbit said, and sometimes it seemed to him that it didn't. "I suppose it's just practice," he thought, "I wonder if Kanga will have to practise too so as to understand it." "There's just one thing," said Piglet, fidgeting a bit. "I was talking to Christopher Robin, and he said that a Kanga was Generally Regarded as One of the Fiercer Animals. I am not frightened of Fierce Animals in the ordinary way, but it is well known that if One of the Fiercer Animals is Deprived of Its Young, it becomes as fierce as Two of the Fiercer Animals. In which case 'Aha!' is perhaps a foolish thing to say."

"Piglet," said Rabbit, taking out a pencil, and licking the end of it, "you haven't any pluck."

"It is hard to be brave," said Piglet, sniffing slightly, "when you're only a Very Small Animal."

Rabbit, who had begun to write very busily, looked up and said:

"It is because you are a very small animal that you will be Useful in the adventure before us."

Piglet was so excited at the idea of being Useful that he forgot to be frightened any more, and when Rabbit went on to say that Kangas were only Fierce during the winter months, being at other times of an Affectionate Disposition, he could hardly sit still, he was so eager to begin being useful at once.

"What about me?" said Pooh sadly. "I suppose I shan't be useful?"

"Never mind, Pooh," said Piglet comfortingly. "Another time perhaps."

"Without Pooh," said Rabbit solemnly as he sharpened his pencil, "the adventure would be impossible."

"Oh!" said Piglet, and tried not to look disappointed. But Pooh went into a corner of the room and said proudly to himself, "Impossible without Me! That sort of Bear."

"Now listen all of you," said Rabbit when he had finished writing, and Pooh and Piglet sat listening very eagerly with their mouths open. This was what Rabbit read out:

PLAN TO CAPTURE BABY ROO

1. *General Remarks.* Kanga runs faster than any of Us, even Me.
2. *More General Remarks.* Kanga never takes her eye off Baby Roo, except when he's safely buttoned up in her pocket.
3. *Therefore.* If we are to capture Baby Roo, we must get a Long Start, because Kanga runs faster than any of Us, even Me. (See 1.)
4. *A Thought.* If Roo had jumped out of Kanga's pocket and Piglet had jumped in, Kanga wouldn't know the difference, because Piglet is a Very Small Animal.
5. Like Roo.
6. But Kanga would have to be looking the other way first, so as not to see Piglet jumping in.
7. See 2.
8. *Another Thought.* But if Pooh was talking to her very excitedly, she *might* look the other way for a moment.
9. And then I could run away with Roo.
10. Quickly.
11. *And Kanga wouldn't discover the difference until Afterwards.*

Well, Rabbit read this out proudly, and for a little while after he had read it nobody said anything. And then Piglet, who had been opening and shutting his mouth without making any noise, managed to say very huskily:

"And—Afterwards?"

"How do you mean?"

"When Kanga *does* Discover the Difference?"

"Then we all say 'Aha!'"

"All three of us?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"Why, what's the trouble, Piglet?"

"Nothing," said Piglet, "as long as *we all three* say it. As long as we all three say it," said Piglet, "I don't mind, but I shouldn't care to say 'Aha!' by myself. It wouldn't sound *nearly* so well."

By the way, you *are* quite sure about what you said about the winter months?"

"The winter months?"

"Yes, only being Fierce in the Winter Months."

"Oh, yes, yes, that's all right. Well, Pooh? You see what you have to do?"

"No," said Pooh Bear. "Not yet," he said. "What *do* I do?"

"Well, you just have to talk very hard to Kanga so as she doesn't notice anything."

"Oh! What about?"

"Anything you like."

"You mean like telling her a little bit of poetry or something?"

"That's it," said Rabbit. "Splendid. Now come along."

So they all went out to look for Kanga.

Kanga and Roo were spending a quiet afternoon in a sandy part of the Forest. Baby Roo was practising very small jumps in the sand, and falling down mouse-holes and climbing out of them, and Kanga was fidgeting about and saying, "Just one more jump, dear, and then we must go home."

And at that moment who should come stumping up the hill but Pooh.

"Good afternoon, Kanga."

"Good afternoon, Pooh."

"Look at me jumping," squeaked Roo, and fell into another mouse-hole.

"Hello, Roo, my little fellow!"

"We were just going home," said Kanga. "Good afternoon, Rabbit. Good afternoon, Piglet."

Rabbit and Piglet, who had now come up from the other side of the hill, said "Good afternoon," and "Hallo, Roo," and Roo asked them to look at him jumping, so they stayed and looked.

And Kanga looked too . . .

"Oh, Kanga," said Pooh, after Rabbit had winked at him twice. I don't know if you are interested in Poetry at all?"

"Hardly at all," said Kanga.

"Oh!" said Pooh.



"Roo, dear, just one more jump and then we must go home."

There was a short silence while Roo fell down another mouse-hole.

"Go on," said Rabbit in a loud whisper behind his paw.

"Talking of Poetry," said Pooh, "I made up a little piece as I was coming along. It went like this. Er—now let me see—"

"Fancy!" said Kanga. "Now Roo, dear—"

"You'll like this piece of poetry," said Rabbit.

"You'll love it," said Piglet.

"You must listen very carefully," said Rabbit.

"So as not to miss any of it," said Piglet.

"Oh, yes," said Kanga, but she still looked at Baby Roo.

"How did it go, Pooh?" said Rabbit.

Pooh gave a little cough and began.

LINES WRITTEN BY A BEAR OF VERY LITTLE BRAIN

On Monday, when the sun is hot

I wonder to myself a lot:

"Now is it true, or is it not,

"That what is which and which is what?"



On Tuesday, when it hails and snows,
The feeling on me grows and grows
That hardly anybody knows
If those are these or these are those.

On Wednesday, when the sky is blue,
And I have nothing else to do,
I sometimes wonder if it's true
That who is what and what is who.

On Thursday, when it starts to freeze,
And hoar-frost twinkles on the trees,
How very readily one sees
That these are whose—but whose are these?

On Friday—

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" said Kanga, not waiting to hear what happened on Friday. "Just one more jump, Roo, dear, and then we really *must* be going."

Rabbit gave Pooh a hurrying-up sort of nudge. "Talking of poetry," said Pooh quickly, "have you ever noticed that tree right over there?"

"Where?" said Kanga. "Now, Roo—"

"Right over there," said Pooh, pointing behind Kanga's back.

"No," said Kanga. "Now jump in, Roo, dear, and we'll go home."

"You ought to look at that tree right over there," said Rabbit. "Shall I lift you in, Roo?" And he picked up Roo in his paws.

"I can see a bird in it from here," said Pooh. "Or is it a fish?"

"You ought to see that bird from here," said Rabbit. "Unless it's a fish."

"It isn't a fish, it's a bird," said Piglet.

"So it is," said Rabbit.

"Is it a starling or a blackbird?" said Pooh.

"That's the whole question," said Rabbit. "Is it a blackbird or a starling?"

And then at last Kanga did turn her head to look. And the moment that her head was turned, Rabbit said in a loud voice, "In you go, Roo!" and in jumped Piglet into Kanga's pocket, and off scampered Rabbit, with Roo in his paws, as fast as he could.

"Why, where's Rabbit?" said Kanga, turning round again. "Are you all right, Roo, dear?"

Piglet made a squeaky Roo-noise from the bottom of Kanga's pocket.

"Rabbit had to go away," said Pooh. "I think he thought of something he had to go and see about suddenly."

"And Piglet?"

"I think Piglet thought of something at the same time. Suddenly."

"Well, we must be getting home," said Kanga.

"Good-bye, Pooh." And in three large jumps she was gone.

Pooh looked after her as she went.

"I wish I could jump like that," he thought. "Some can and some can't. That's how it is."

But there were moments when Piglet wished that Kanga couldn't. Often, when he had had a long walk home through the Forest, he had wished that he were a bird; but now he thought jerkily to himself at the bottom of Kanga's pocket,

this is shall really to
"If flying I never take it."

And as he went up in the air he said, "Oooooo!" and as he came down he said, "Ow!" And he was saying, "Oooooo-ow, Oooooo-ow, Oooooo-ow," all the way to Kanga's house.

Of course as soon as Kanga unbuttoned her pocket, she saw what had happened. Just for a moment, she thought she was frightened, and then she knew she wasn't; for she felt quite sure that Christopher Robin would never let any harm happen to Roo. So she said to herself, "If they are having a joke with me, I will have a joke with them."

"Now then, Roo, dear," she said, as she took Piglet out of her pocket. "Bed-time."

"Aha!" said Piglet, as well as he could after his Terrifying Journey. But it wasn't a very good "Aha!" and Kanga didn't seem to understand what it meant.

"Bath first," said Kanga in a cheerful voice.

"Aha!" said Piglet again, looking round anxiously for the others. But the others weren't there. Rabbit was playing with Baby Roo in his own house, and feeling more fond of him every minute, and Pooh, who had decided to be a Kanga, was still at the sandy place on the top of the Forest, practising jumps.

"I am not at all sure," said Kanga in a thoughtful voice, "that it wouldn't be a good idea to have a

then accidentally had another mouthful of latherly flannel.

"That's right, dear, don't say anything," said Kanga, and in another minute Piglet was out of the bath, and being rubbed dry with a towel.

"Now," said Kanga. "There's your medicine, and then bed."

"W-w-what medicine?" said Piglet.

"To make you grow big and strong, dear. You don't want to grow up small and weak like Piglet, do you? Well, then!"

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Kanga, and in came Christopher Robin.

"Christopher Robin, Christopher Robin!" cried Piglet. "Tell Kanga who I am! She keeps saying I'm Roo. I'm *not* Roo, am I?"

Christopher Robin looked at him very carefully, and shook his head.

"You can't be Roo," he said, "because I've just seen Roo playing in Rabbit's house."

"Well!" said Kanga. "Fancy that! Fancy my making a mistake like that."

"There you are!" said Piglet. "I told you so. I'm Piglet."

Christopher Robin shook his head again.

"Oh, you're not Piglet," he said. "I know Piglet well, and he's *quite* a different colour."

Piglet began to say that this was because he had just had a bath, and then he thought that perhaps he wouldn't say that, and as he opened his mouth to say something else, Kanga slipped the medicine



cold bath this evening. Would you like that, Roo, dear?"

Piglet, who had never been really fond of baths, shuddered a long indignant shudder, and said in as brave a voice as he could:

"Kanga, I see that the time has come to speak plainly."

"Funny little Roo," said Kanga, as she got the bath-water ready.

"I am *not* Roo," said Piglet loudly. "I am Piglet!"

"Yes, dear, yes," said Kanga soothingly. "And imitating Piglet's voice too! So clever of him," she went on, as she took a large bar of yellow soap out of the cupboard. "What *will* he be doing next?"

"Can't you *see*?" shouted Piglet. "Haven't you got *eyes*? Look at me!"

"I am looking, Roo, dear," said Kanga rather severely. "And you know what I told you yesterday about making faces. If you go on making faces like Piglet's, you will grow up to *look* like Piglet—and *then* think how sorry you will be. Now then, into the bath, and don't let me have to speak to you about it again."

Before he knew where he was, Piglet was in the bath, and Kanga was scrubbing him firmly with a large latherly flannel.

"Ow!" cried Piglet. "Let me out! I'm Piglet!"

"Don't open the mouth, dear, or the soap goes in," said Kanga. "There! What did I tell you?"

"You—you did it on purpose," spluttered Piglet, as soon as he could speak again . . . and

spoon in, and then patted him on the back and told him that it was really quite a nice taste when you got used to it.

"I knew it wasn't Piglet," said Kanga. "I wonder who it can be."

"Perhaps it's some relation of Pooh's," said Christopher Robin. "What about a nephew or an uncle or something?"

Kanga agreed that this was probably what it was, and said that they would have to call it by some name.

"I shall call it Pootel," said Christopher Robin. "Henry Pootel for short."

And just when it was decided, Henry Pootel wriggled out of Kanga's arms and jumped to the ground. To his great joy Christopher Robin had left the door open. Never had Henry Pootel Piglet run so fast as he ran then, and he didn't stop running until he had got quite close to his house. But when he was a hundred yards away he stopped running, and rolled the rest of the way home, so as to get his own nice comfortable colour again . . .

So Kanga and Roo stayed in the Forest. And every Tuesday Roo spent the day with his great friend Rabbit, and every Tuesday Kanga spent the day with her great friend Pooh, teaching him to jump, and every Tuesday Piglet spent the day with his great friend Christopher Robin. So they were all happy again.

Next week Christopher Robin and his friends go on an expedition.





THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



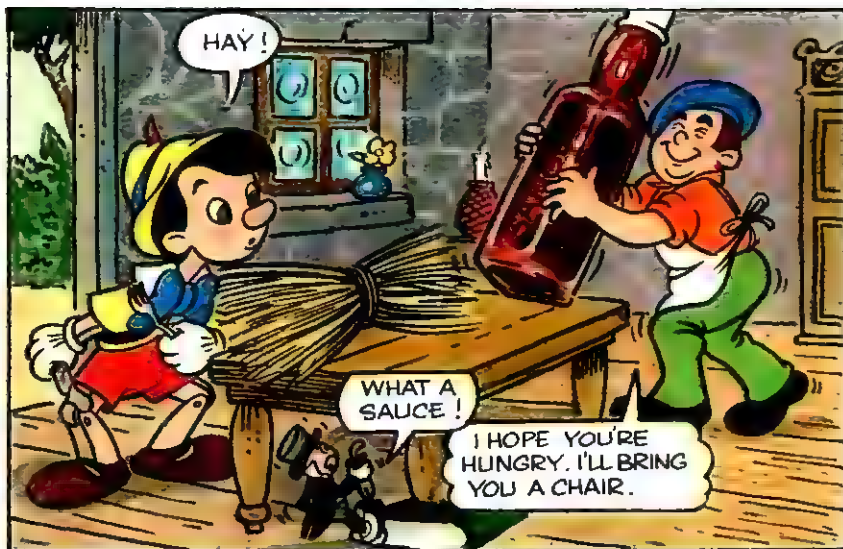
While strolling out the other day
Pinocchio went and lost his way,
So, spotting cottage 'neath a tree,
He went to ask where he might be.



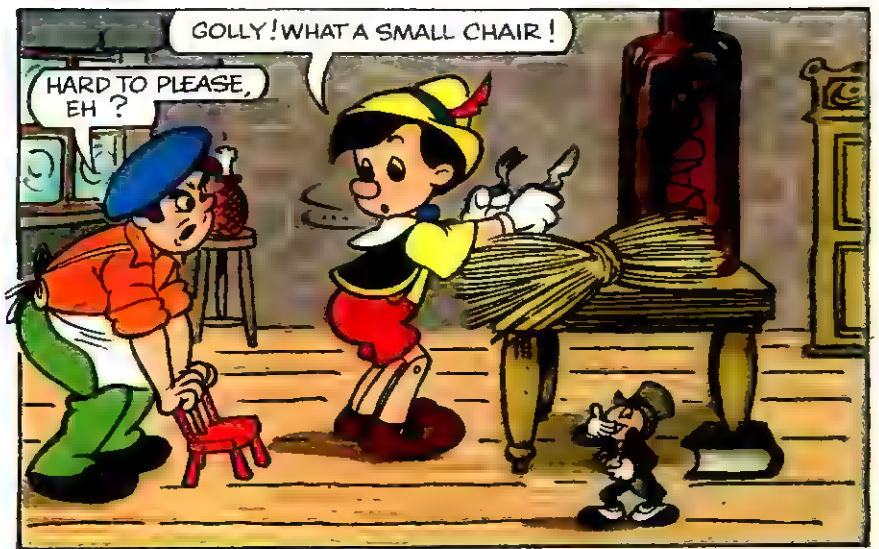
Pinocchio hadn't had his din,
So when the man said "Do come in!"
Pinocchio thought "Why, this is fine—
I hope he'll guess I'd like to dine."



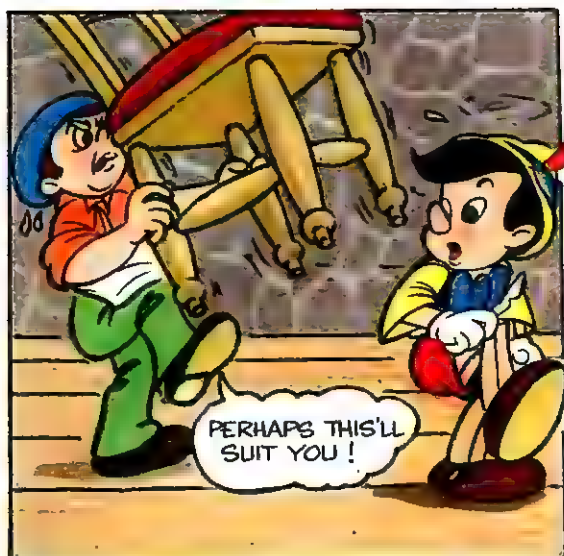
Well, that man must have had a hunch,
Because he asked the boy to lunch,
And showed him where the table stood,
While he went off to find some food.



Now things were queer, right from the start,
And here begins the funny part;
A button on the table lay
But man said 'twas a plate—for hay!



Yes, hay was what Pinocchio got!
Man gave him ever such a lot,
And just to make him comfy there,
He went and fetched the boy a chair.



The chair he brought was very small,
Too small to sit on it at all,
When Pino said it wouldn't do,
Man brought one big enough for two.



Upon the rung of that big chair
Young Pino sat—'twas comfy there,
But then he started feeling daft,
For funny man just laughed and laughed.



Pinocchio thought he saw the joke,
Especially when that man spoke
And said "Hey! Hey! You're eating hay—"
And then ran off the other way.



The lad then thought that someone would
Produce some proper sort of food,
But no—for man came back to say
“Pepper and salt for meal of hay!”



But “Hay I do not want today!”
Said Pino and he ran away.
He knew that if he stayed there long,
The barmyness would get too strong!

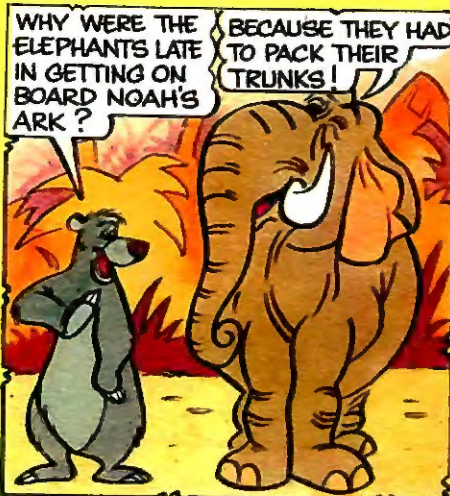
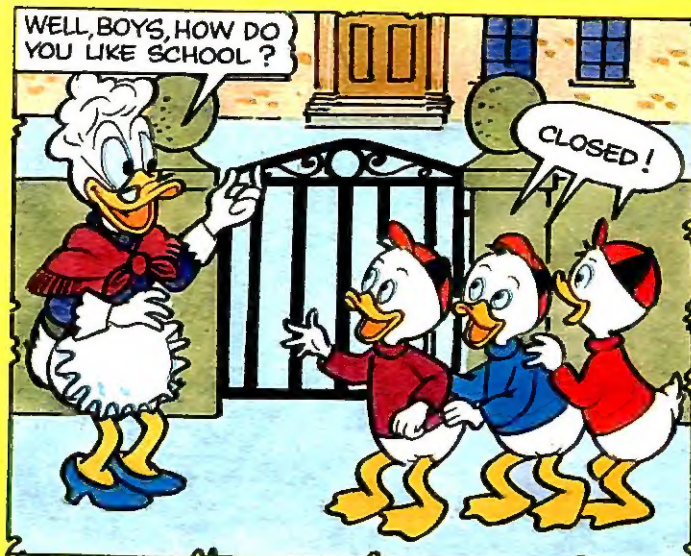


And so he ran and ran and ran,
Away from that peculiar man,
He couldn't stand the place at all,
Where things were far too big or small.



At last the lad got home once more,
The time was just gone half-past four,
He cried “Geppetto, what's for tea?
WOW! It's a soss as big as me!”

MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS



The Sword in the Stone

Many strong men tried to pull out the sword but none ever succeeded.



"By jove! Young Wart and that crazy magician friend of his have gone too far this time!" spluttered Sir Ector.

The baron had just discovered that his adopted son Arthur (or Wart, as everyone called him) had gone for a walk with Merlin instead of doing the dishes in the castle kitchen. But what was even worse—Merlin had brought the dishes to life, and now they were "washing themselves", so to speak!

Well, the shock of seeing china dishes and mops floating about in mid-air was more than Sir Ector and Kay—to say nothing of the cook—could take. So when Wart walked in, you can imagine what his stepfather had to say to him!

"Hang it, Wart!" shouted the angry nobleman. "This is all *your* fault! Why did you have to bring that batty old wizard here to stay? And why didn't you do the dishes as you were ordered? Just for this, I . . . I . . . I won't let you be Kay's squire at the tournament!"

Now in case you don't know, this is what Sir Ector meant by that remark. Kay, an idle, stupid youth, was Sir Ector's own son. He was going to take part in an important jousting

tournament to be held in London on New Year's Day. The winner of the tournament was to be crowned King of Britain, for at that time the country had no ruler. The last king—King Uther by name—had left no-one to take his place at the end of his reign, and there had been no king for so long that no-one remembered about the strange thing that had happened shortly after Uther's reign had ended.

A huge stone had suddenly appeared as if by magic in a London churchyard. On top of the stone was a heavy anvil, and thrust right through the anvil and into the stone was a mighty sword. This message was written on the handle of the sword:

Who pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is right-wise King born of Britain.

Alas, although many strong men tried to pull out the sword, none ever succeeded, which is why the sword in the stone was forgotten with the passing of time. And now a *new* answer had been found to the problem of choosing a king—the jousting tournament.

Anyway, Sir Ector had promised Wart that he could be Kay's squire at the tournament.

That meant Wart would have the job of looking after Kay's armour and his horse and such like. But now the baron had changed his mind about Wart being Kay's squire, and the poor little lad was broken-hearted.

In the days that followed, he just couldn't bring himself to pay attention to Merlin's lessons.

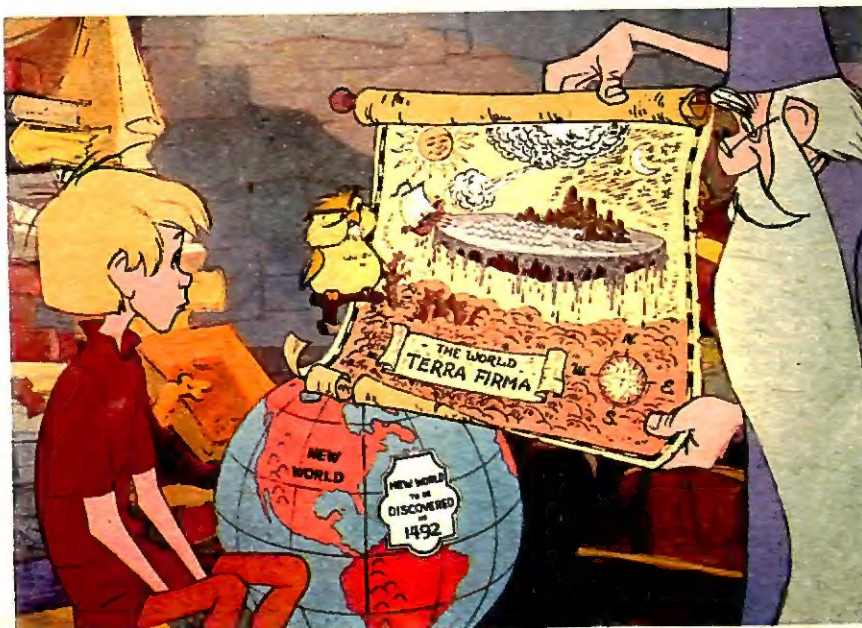
The kind old wizard brought out all his most interesting books and maps and things, but Wart couldn't be bothered with any of them.

"What's the use of learning? I shall be nothing but a servant all my life!" he said to Merlin, during a lesson in Geography.

"Come now, lad," said Merlin kindly. "You mustn't give up so easily. Now look at this model I have made over here."

The magician pointed to a strange contraption hanging from the ceiling. It looked rather like one of the first aeroplanes that were ever built.

"Some day people will *fly* in machines like that," Merlin told Wart. "I know, because I can see into the future—not very *clearly* sometimes, mind you, but I know that people will travel



"What's the use of learning? I shall be nothing but a servant all my life," Wart said to Merlin.



The kind old wizard brought out all his most interesting books for Wart to read.



through the air in flying machines one day."

Wart stared thoughtfully out of the tower window.

"I've dreamed of flying," he said. "I often think how wonderful it must feel to be able to soar high above the trees..."

"Then you shall find out just how it feels!" chuckled Merlin. Muttering a jumble of mysterious words under his breath, the wonderful wizard waved his wand and—hey presto!—Wart had changed into a sparrow!

"I can fly! I can fly!" Wart chirped, in a tiny, bird-like voice.

"Steady now," said Merlin, as Wart the sparrow fluttered off the window sill. "Flying is not as simple as it looks and the best way to learn is..."

At that moment, Wart began to fall helplessly head over tail.

"Take it easy, boy!" cried Merlin. "Don't flap about so much!"

The magician sent out his pet owl to help Wart. After a few minutes in the air, however Wart had got the hang of it. In fact, he was flying about very happily—fluttering here and fluttering there—when, suddenly and without warning, a huge hawk came swooping down out of the sky above!

"Hawk!" screeched the owl.

Luckily, Wart heard the owl's warning, and managed to flutter away before the hungry hunter could get its talons on him. But the hawk chased after Wart, who had to fly as fast as any sparrow could in order to stay out of reach of the big, fierce bird.

Away into the woods Wart flew, but all the while the hungry hawk was gaining on him with its powerful wing-beats. Then, just as Wart was beginning to give up hope, he spotted the chimney of a cottage below.

With one final exhausting effort, the little sparrow made for the chimney pot and dropped down into the blackness.

THUD! He had landed in the grate of a cold, dirty fire-place, covered in soot and cobwebs. The dust and soot made it difficult to breathe, and Wart began to cough.

"Whassat?" scowled a wicked-looking old woman, who was sitting at a table staring at some playing cards which were laid out before her. "Sounds like someone sneezing and wheezing."

And then, rubbing her hands together in a gleeful way, she added: "How lovely! I do hope it's something serious!"

The old witch—for that is what she was—crept across to the fire-place and lifted Wart out of the mess with a wrinkled hand. Then she held him up to examine him.

"Oh, botheration!" she frowned. "It's only a scrawny little sparrow all covered in soot!"

"Oh, please—I'm not a sparrow really!" gasped Wart. "I'm a boy! I was changed into a sparrow by Merlin, the world's most powerful wizard."

"Merlin?" hissed the old witch mockingly. "The world's most powerful wizard? Bah! He's nothing but a bungler! Why, I have more magic in one little finger than Merlin has in his whole body!" And, wiggling a long, pointed finger nail at Wart, she cackled: "I am the magnificent, marvellous Madam Mim! Perhaps you've heard of me?"

Wart drew back uneasily.

"I don't like the look of you," he gulped.

"Thank you, my boy!" chortled the old witch, a nasty glint in her eye. "Now before I make you disappear for ever, I shall show you just how powerful my magic is. ZIP-A-DEE-DOO!"

Suddenly, Madam Mim seemed to disappear in a puff of yellow smoke! But alas, she hadn't really disappeared—only shrunk in size—and now she was hovering over the card table on a tiny broomstick! She was no bigger than a butterfly.

Then "ZIP-A-DEE-DAH!" she grinned, and at once she was her normal size again. "My magic is far more powerful than Merlin's."

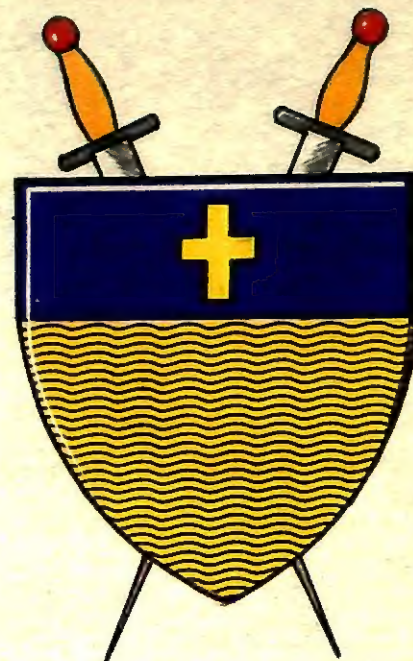
Wart backed away from Mim as she approached him with claw-like hands. Just as she was about to grab him, however, a sudden gust of wind blew the cottage door open and in strode Merlin.

The owl had flown back to the castle to tell the old magician what had become of Wart and Merlin had straight away sped to Mim's cottage.

"Mim! What are you up to?" the old wizard demanded.

"She said she was going to make me disappear for ever!" piped up Wart.

"And what if I am? Just what are you going to do about it, you old blunderer?" growled Madam Mim, turning to Merlin. "Do you want to prove whose magic is the stronger—yours or mine?"



"Madam!" snapped Merlin. "I am at your service."

"Then let's go outside and I'll show you a thing or two," sneered Madam Mim.

Little Wart the sparrow followed them out to watch what happened next.

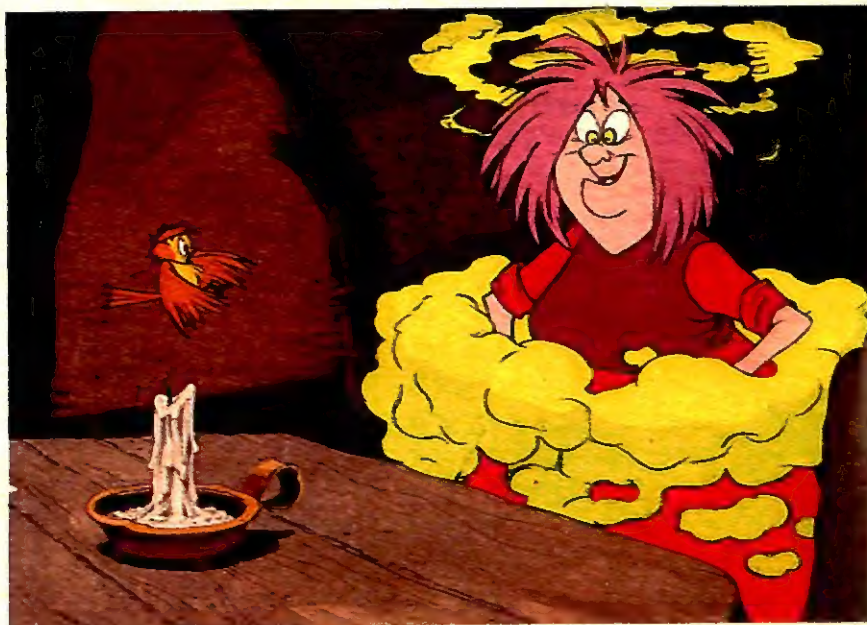
And what happened next was truly magical. First the witch changed herself into a hungry crocodile and rushed at Merlin. But the crafty old wizard changed himself into a rabbit that frisked and fussed and fooled the crocodile.

Then the crocodile changed into a fox that sprang at the rabbit. But the rabbit changed into a foxhound that leaped at the fox.

And so the battle went on. As fast as Madam Mim changed herself into one animal, Merlin changed himself into another until at last the witch became Madam Mim again and screeching with fury ran back into her cottage and flung herself into bed, defeated.

Chuckling merrily, Merlin then changed Wart from a sparrow to a little boy again.

"And now," said the merry magician, "to change you into a king. Come with me, lad." (More fun with Wart and Merlin next week.)



"Now before I make you disappear for ever, I shall show you how powerful my magic is," said the witch.

A man loves going for long, long walks—then meets our Walrus pal—OH CORKS!

The WALRUS and the CARPENTER

THAT GENTLEMAN DOESN'T LOOK TOO HAPPY. I'LL SEE IF HE NEEDS SOME HELP.

RIGHT, WALRUS, I'LL SEE YOU IN THE LAST PICTURE AS USUAL!

MY FEET ARE SO TENDER THAT I CAN'T WEAR MY BOOTS. THEY'RE TOO HARD, AND I LOVE GOING FOR LONG WALKS. SOB-SOB!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'M GOING TO THE BUTCHERS.

COTTON WOOL

FAT? CERTAINLY! GLAD TO GET RID OF IT!

SNIFF SNIFF

I RUB THE FAT ON, SO! AND YOUR BOOTS ARE NICE AND SOFT!

OO! I MUST TRY THEM ON.

SNIFF

HOW COMFY! I COULD WALK FOR MILES IN THESE BOOTS NOW!

LOVELY SMELL OF FAT

WOW!

MUNCH MUNCH

GOOD JOB I HAD MY FIRST-AID KIT HANDY!

TCHAH! YOU'LL NEED FIRST AID WHEN I GET UP!

HEY! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

AT LAST I CAN GO FOR LONG WALKS! WITH THESE ON MY FEET I COULD WALK FOR MILES AND BACK!

TO THE COUNTRY TEA SHOPS AND ICE CREAM PLACES →

THAT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! HAVE A DISH OF FISH!